



The New Order



Number 138/216

Founded 1975

9 / 2018 (129)

Hess Remembered

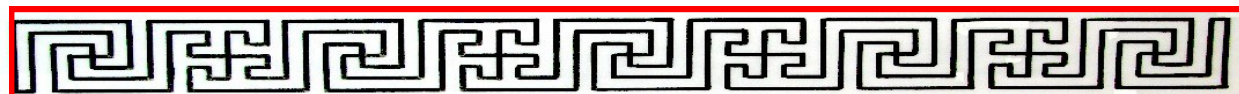


600 German patriots marched in Berlin on the 31st anniversary of the murder of Rudolf Hess. They were opposed by a roughly equal number of counter-protestors. 2,300 policemen, one of whom was injured by rock and bottle throwing Reds, minimized the violence.

The above sign reads: "Murder has no statute of limitations." Another sign stated: "I regret nothing: National Socialists Berlin."

For several years annual Hess demonstrations attracted 5,000 participants. But they were then banned. In recent years the demonstrations have resumed.

There was also a separate march in Spandau, the location of the meanwhile torn down prison where Hess was imprisoned for decades, finally becoming its sole inmate.



How and Why Lesser Men Destroy the Greater

by Conchis

Dumas' tale *The Count of Monte Cristo* opens with the triumph of a young man named Dantès, who returns after a successful voyage to be made captain of a merchant ship over a more experienced man. He is betrothed to a beautiful woman whom his new position enables him to support, accelerating their marriage.

However the triumph is short-lived. Dantès' envious colleague Danglars is enraged at his rise to captain. And his fiancée Mercédès had another man in love with her, her cousin Fernand, whose chance to win her have been smashed by her final rejection. "The enemy of my enemy is my friend," and so it is that these men have cause by their mutual hatred

to conspire in the destruction of Dantès. A third partner is added when Dantès' drunken neighbor Caderousse's vague dissatisfactions with his own life and proclivity to petty quarrel enmesh him in the conspiracy and an anonymous letter is drafted accusing Dantès of being a Bonapartist.

The plan succeeds, and Dantès is arrested at his very marriage feast. He is cross-examined by a prosecutor named Villefort, a skeptical man with a cultivated judicial severity who is yet convinced of Dantès innocence and the base ridiculousness of the letter. He is about to release Dantès altogether when the worst possible coincidence dooms him: a letter Dantès carried from the Island of Elba, where Napoleon is in exile, to the father of Villefort: a letter which threatens all of Villefort's royalist political ambitions because his father is a barely-concealed Bonapartist. Just as Dantès was about to be released, he is sentenced without trial to life in a political prison called Chateau D'If.

Thus Dantès suffers for six years alone in prison, torn from his bride on their wedding night and from a position of responsibility earned through his own energy and loyalty at the age of nineteen.

Dantès, it is clear, was a better man in every possible way than those who caused his downfall. He is loved by the men whom he leads, intelligent, ambitious, and yet humble about himself and his position. He attributes his success to good fortune, as all such fortunate men should do, even when their merits have played a deciding factor.

The men who attack him are jealous and petty. Danglars is disliked by the ship's crew.

continued on page 6



Heroes:

SS-Obergruppenführer Eicke

The article *SS-Obergruppenführer Eicke Fallen* by SS-War Correspondent Cornelius van der Horst appeared in the *SS Leitheft*, Year 9, Issue 4, April 1943. This translation is from book #547-10 *SS Culture - Volume Ten: Heroes*.

There was the news, unfathomable at first and paralyzing: the Obergruppenführer fallen! The men stopped for a few moments, silent; they started over toward their officers, as if hope could still be found there. But they only saw determined defiance. They no longer paid any attention to the ice-cold wind that threw itself against them; before their eyes were still just the images of the fiery days and nights they had passed through, were plains and forests, thunderous villages from which the enemy



retreated, slowly, after bloody fighting, were the ice-cold days of winter during which they had clawed themselves firmly into the earth. And amid the tense joy of survived battle, amid the stubbornly fought through days, weeks and months, the name of their commander was preserved for them as the embodiment of a compelling, penetrative passion. His face appeared to them again, which had again and again turned to them, fatherly and commanding, strict and kind at the same time: the face of Obergruppenführer Eicke. Now he lies other there, behind enemy lines. They had heard his reconnaissance plan thunder overhead just a little while ago and thought: There he is again, "Papa" Eicke, our Eicke; the first among us, in battle as in life.

Then the memory fell silent and they still only followed the softly subdued voices in which a hidden rage rang. They took up their weapons, the assault troop was already assembled and ready for battle: a strong assault troop, and they were now just wild, determined men. They assembled for the attack, and before their pitiless thrust the mass of Bolsheviks scattered like dust, who in superior force had kept the triumphant ring around the area where their commander lay closed. They paved a bloody path, and where they came, there was no mercy.

So did they bring home to the middle of his division the body of their fallen commander. The swarms of attacking Bolsheviks pushed in again; firing, the men made their way back, and surrounded by their loyalty, the spirit of their commander was among them like in the glorious old days, like in the hours of distress and horror, and they thought they had done well by their "old man" like once in dark and nicer days.

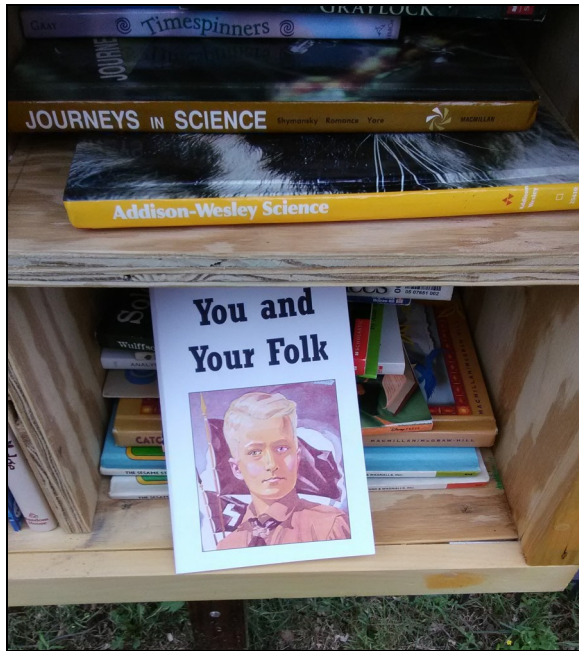
Often the death itself, more sharply than the life, impresses the political and human profile

continued on page 4

Heroes: SS-Obergruppenführer Eicke

of men who are carried by just one thought: to carry the battle flags of the Führer forward. When one of these men falls, the final decision falls over the spirit which filled them, and the oath hand is placed over the flags of a world in which a manly life is again and again demanded into readiness, and it is an unique act of affirmation; but just life itself, which demands the strength of the swearer to a never faltering, never tiring action, tests and impresses the constancy of the decisions. The trials are what forge the life of such men to highest purity.

On the difficult path of trials behind the battle flags of the Führer, behind the flag of the Schutzstaffel led forward to the great crowning of his soldierly life, SS-Obergruppenführer Eicke passed the hour of final accountability as worthy as that first hour, in which he commit-



***Little Free Library* book distribution in Rome, New York in mid-August 2018. This action was inspired by the two recent larger scale distributions in the two largest cities in Nebraska, Omaha and Lincoln, which resulted in national coverage in *Newsweek* magazine as well as local television coverage in both cities.**

ted himself to the Führer of his time. The outline of a political soldierdom has been fulfilled with a life that rested on an invincible heart. This heart had chosen, and will and spirit were directed by it to the deeds of a loyal life.

With SS-Obergruppenführer Eicke the concept of political soldierdom has experienced a not-to-be-ignored determination. He stands in the front line of the men who combine the virtues of soldierdom with the passion of political thought to pull up the sinking Reich. Severity and pitilessness are the characteristics of such essence, but this severity, this pitilessness encompasses a great and full love for the permanent among the fleeing manifestations of time, for that constancy of the folk, which he protected against the always threatening, pulling down swamps. If the barracks and exercise grounds are the school of soldierly virtues, then the field on which they must prove themselves goes beyond that: It is not just about arming for war, rather about the constant struggle for the Reich. And here the soldier's virtues fully manifest themselves: bearing, discipline, comradeship, loyalty to the sworn ideals, courage in the execution of orders, obedience to the one who himself stands in strictest obedience to the commands of the Reich's fate: the Führer!

On the fronts of the World War, SS-Obergruppenführer Eicke had already passed the test of his soldierly confirmation with that loyalty, courage and his obedience that befits a soldier. But the century taught that another readiness is also necessary, if the life of the Reich — which back then, like hidden flags, was carried back over the marching back armies — was to be pulled out of its impotence. So the essence of the political German grew into the soldier, developed itself and became henceforth the all determining expression of his life. Soon this life stands in the orbit of the Führer; here the lost unity is recognized again in daring outlines. The interpretation of political soldierdom, which is designated by the Führer to be the foundation of a German rebellion, is after all just the interpretation of his own essence: henceforth it can only mature in the orbit of the ideas that are here proclaimed and lived.

One of the Führer's oldest comrades also be-

continued on page 5

Heroes: SS-Obergruppenführer Eicke

comes one of the first leaders of the Schutzstaffel of the National Socialist movement. The image of a German order — which the Reichsführer obligatorily sets for the men of the Schutzstaffel, and the oath to inviolate obedience demanded only from the best and the most loyal — is, after all, the gradually perfecting expression of the spirit from which the Führer wants to secure and increase the inner and outer existence of the Reich. Bound to this spirit and himself a part of it, Standartenführer Eicke comes even during the period of struggle to a SS unit assembled in the Palatinate.

The year of the rise to power is a call to new tasks. The revolution is not won until it works in all depths of the folk, and so the day of the final National Socialist rise is for then Standartenführer Eicke, too, a new, silently made preparation. It finds its temporary conclusion in the establishment of the SS-Totenkopf-Division, whose command he assumes on October 16, 1939.

SS-Gruppenführer and Lieutenant-General of the Waffen-SS Eicke is its commander, when



the division assembles for the western campaign. After several days of forced march, it enters the mighty battle of encirclement in Flanders. It fights its way forward through Cambrai and Arras, it fights at La-Bassée-Channel, at Le Cornet Malo and Paradis. Its charge breaks the resistance of English elite regiments.

On June 22nd of the year 1941 the division stands assembled for the fight against the revolt of the Bolshevik world of masses. At the front of his division, Gruppenführer Eicke forces the breakthrough through the fortified Stalin Line.

Then the great attack and pursuit battles are fought. The war in the east gets broader. It gets harder and more pitiless. It demands even more spiritual strength, even more readiness to resist, even more daring to size and hold the law of leadership in war. Under the leadership of its commander, the Totenkopf-Division has fought a genuinely heroic fight, and military history even today values its accomplishments as absolute prerequisites for greater strategic successes. Never will the men of the Totenkopf-Division forget that most difficult test of their psychological and physical energies in the winter battle of the 1942, in which they — cut off for months by a vastly superior opponent — withstood all attacks and replied to all demands to capitulate with the famous expression of Götz von Berlichingen, painted on boards far visible.

The division followed its leader on the path of tests, and their victories — as well as the praise accorded the brave stand of the division in the difficult days of the winter defense of the fortress Djemjansk — are owed above all to the strength and daring of the man who led it.

The Führer awards him the Knight's Cross and later the Oak Leaves. He is promoted to SS-Obergruppenführer. All of these awards and the golden party badge are nice and worthy confirmations of a life begun and lived fighting, but the final honor that the fallen Obergruppenführer receives is the mightiest, and not without being moved do we hear, how it happened: Covering the fallen man with their bodies, the men of the division cut a bloody road through the enemy masses and bring the commander back to their midst.

Lesser Men Destroy the Greater

Caderousse is the archetypal ne'er-do-well. And Fernand is driven purely by his jealousy. Villefort is shrewd, calculating, and politically ambitious, and acts simply for the preservation of those ambitions.

We see, then, this profound truth expressed in fiction: that given a provocation, however unintentional, lesser men can destroy greater men. Particularly, greater men who are blind to the darker motives of hateful men are also blind to the plots that churn under the crust of their joyful and effectual lives.

Power, Nietzsche wrote in *Twilight of the Idols*, “makes stupid.” Just as in times of health and vigor we have little time for imagining illness, when things are going right in our lives we can hardly conceive of the possibility of their going wrong.

Within nationalist circles, we have been in the position of Dantès as he suffered alone through Chateau D’If. The doxing and harassment have driven some of us to depression and even suicide as in the case of Andrew Dodson, an electrical engineer working in nuclear reactor design when he succumbed to despair on March 9, 2018. Whatever knowledge he had about the tactics used by our persecutors have been lost, and we can only speculate about the kinds of situations he was dealing with. And we saw the celebratory tweets and social media praising the death of another “Nazi.”

But the death of Andrew Dodson is not the entire picture. Since the original Unite the Right rally, nationalists have been improving their operational security, disabusing themselves about certain naïve notions about what an effective political movement looks like or can do, and rebuilding relationships with each other and with sympathetic allies. Defensive positions have been improved. Communications have been secured across the nation. Slowly—oh so slowly!—we inch forward. But the direction is inexorably *forward*.

We have gathered intelligence on antifa and their allies and sympathizers. We know many details about them and about their

lives, and we have seen in all this the powerful echoes of Danglars, Fernand, and Caderousse. We see Danglars, who has watched better men pass them by in life, echoed in the class-warfare communist. We see Fernand—the jilted lover—in the man or woman whose relationships inevitably fall apart due to confusion and an internal weakness but who can never figure out *why*. And we see Caderousse, who never figured out what to do with himself and his life and is driven by a nihilistic need to destroy when he is not escaping into drugs and alcohol.

We see in the antifascists inferior and ineffectual men driven by hatred and envy. Today they are gloating because Dantès is rotting away in prison and they think they have won. The communists have been blinded by believing their own lies about the destruction of our movement.

Let us never repeat the painful mistakes of this last year. We must learn to operate more effectively, adopting a solid defensive warfare game plan, or perish at the hands of our murderous and hateful adversaries, today’s heirs of the bloody French and Bolshevik revolutions.

Those familiar with the story will know how this tale of revenge turns out. The innocent Dantès transforms himself through experience and the mentorship of Abbé Faria into the fearsome Count of Monte Cristo.

Believing himself an instrument of God’s justice on earth, the Count returns to society to find that all his former friends had fallen upon hard times and those who betrayed him had become successful and elevated.

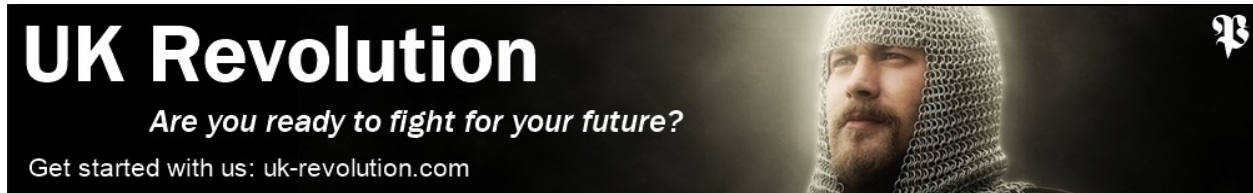
He first rewards those who had been his friends, and then wreaks a great and terrible vengeance on those who had destroyed his life. His revenge is so devious and so sure that by the end of the book the reader must be cold indeed not to sympathize with their pain despite their early villainy.



NSDAP/AO
Fight Back!

nsdap.info

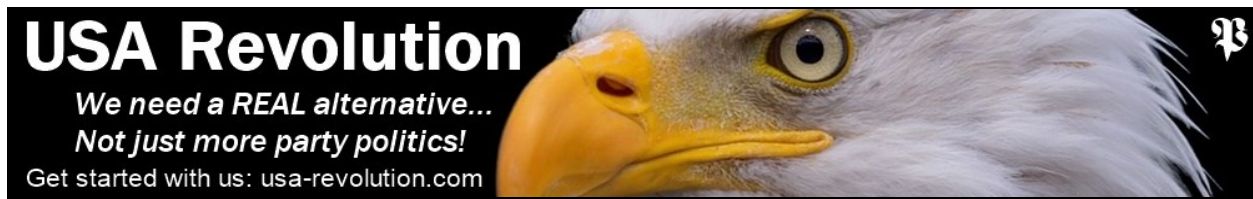
Contact us to find out how YOU can help!



UK Revolution

Are you ready to fight for your future?

Get started with us: uk-revolution.com



USA Revolution

*We need a REAL alternative...
Not just more party politics!*

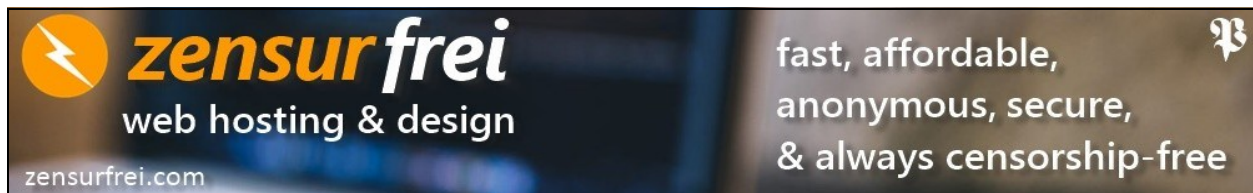
Get started with us: usa-revolution.com



third-reich-books.com

Third Reich Books

Translated from the Third Reich originals. Without commentary.



zensurfrei
web hosting & design

zensurfrei.com

fast, affordable,
anonymous, secure,
& always censorship-free



**SUPPORT A
POLITICAL PRISONER**

politicalprisoner.info



BOYCOTT ISRAEL

Putting the "chosen ones" ahead of America is treason.

israelboycott.org



Farmbelt Philosopher

Writings from Gerhard Lauck

farmbeltphilosopher.com

These are only a few of our many web-sites in many languages!



The NSDAP/AO is the world's largest National Socialist propaganda supplier!

Printed and online periodicals in many languages
Hundreds of books in over a dozen languages
Over 100 web-sites in dozens of languages

Subscription Form

() *NS NEWS BULLETIN* subscription for the next twelve issues. 30,00 Euro or US\$30.00. [Please specify which language edition you want!]

() Donation – *YOUR support makes our work possible!*

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State or Province _____ Zip or Postal Code _____

Country _____

(Optional) Email Address / Telephone _____

Make checks payable to: NSDAP/AO

Mail to: NSDAP/AO – PO Box 6414 – Lincoln NE 68506 – USA (Or leave off “NSDAP/AO”).